## SONGS FOR THE DISCONTENTED

## Publislyes tov the <br> hadustital Workers af the Merlid

Meadquarters R Room 212 8ush Temple, Chicago

## THE MARSEULLAISE

Ye suns of inil, dxall fús phory:
Whatk! hark! whatenerriads hid you ilse
Yom chil-dreth. wivy and stand-sites hose prebanti their tears and liear their cries: Behoid tbois bearyrand hear thoir cries Sball hatifut ty-iayts, mis-chiel breeding With he eling in. fos, a rultian hand, Affright;anc, desolate the land,


Wوhamus! to argus! ye bravel/ wot In sxenglug s ard unstiezthe.
 -om sieto-rs or death,
8. Witib hixy The को ie, imsarthte despet, dares
 De maste 3ucd rend they fight and aix:
Wir nete and verul the limit and ail?

 That mina is man Who ts move? Stenf thal they loucen lash and godd us? Ta atwis to afrow ye bane! y, 20 Th avelighag smoth unsheathof
$\qquad$
 10.1. to vic-6owro (gy death!




 Why govelemision , word and sibielel


HALLELUJAHI IMM A BUM. (Tunie, "Thevive Us Agyin.")
D: why clou't you work
As other mer do?
Haw in hell can I work
Whei there's no work to do?

## Chiorus:

> Hallelujah I'm a buin?
> Hallelujah, bum again!
> Hallelujah, give us a handout-
> To revive us again.

O, why iton't you save
All the ghoniey you earn?
If I dio not eat
Id have money to burn!
0.1 ilke my boss-

He's a good triend of raine;
That's why I'm staximg
Qut in the bread-line!
I eant! buy a joly-
For 'l ain't got the dough,
Sul 1 ride in a box ear.
For I'ra a hoho!
Whencreir I get
All the money I earn,
The boass will he broke,
And to work he must tura!

## "SUNSHINE IN MY SOUL"

 (and hunger in my stomach). For a job I sadly sigh today, Hire me, and Ill work all might. Hard times-and board is very high-To eat we're got to figit!
Chorus:
RBC
Nel:
O, the job-sign, deadly zob-sign,
Makes the workers Weary in their souls.
When we put the boots to the employment: shark
There'll be sunshine in our' souls.
Labor Creates All Wealth..
fhete's a bore place in my back today. Number twos are what I love.
What re'll 20 , when Winter comes aronnd, God knows, who's iup abovel

The Intusutai Workers of the World
Aro pritting up a fight-
Workingmen, who are now on the bum, Troke a tumble and unitel

## QUT IN THE BREAD-LINE.

(Give us, this days our daily bread.)
Out ir the bread-line, the fool and the knave, Oint in the bread-line, the sucker and stave. Coftee and doughnuts now takes all our cash. Where on the ham, and we're glad to get hash.

## Chorus:

Ont in the bread-line rain or sumshine, Were un against it today.
Out in. the bread-line, watching the job-sign. Whetre on the bum, boys, today.
chie employment office now ships east and West.
Tobs are quite scarce-they are none of the best:
1), it is iocky -a rliscount we pay;
ane dead broke and we'll have to eat hay.
We are tho hig butas, the hoboes, and "vagy:"
Q Wive look hungry, out clothes are all rags; wrille a fat grafter, sky-pilot or fake, -2.onging of our troubles and gives us the sthatio:
6. Yes, merte suoketrs, there's no doubt of
 cad hem Mis mioturé, yher once we get wise, Tratl the the buns; fand wo'll be the swell
foln the unid) of (Youn class)

## THE PEO FZAG.

Iy fanes connelt.
The phot- is anr colandre his? Whatrife for me Yonor glomes. and your' imanstcies है they are mut m.ae:"

Thes Promplès nhas is deepest ned
If shfomded oft our monsyred dead: Ard gee theif limbes ghew suiff ind coll their tite hout mised itshewory fold.

## Choras:

 Bexyeth rte folds weit inverand ale. Thiokfon cowntis flinch and tuitorst snger;

 The isturdy gicupisin chauts lise pruise:





Y(x eat inot ohame its color novs.
It silics frilay the meek fad hase.
Thlogeo minu ate fixed on yelf gad flace.
mo guigha hounath the mieh man's trown.
Al+R thent thit sacten ent hlem duyn.





